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The Pathfinder

—
NOVEMBER, 1911
—

James Lane Allen

By EDWARD J. O'BRIEN



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VOLUME FIVE

The current volume of The PATHFINDER contains the following as main features :

January	Poems of Lizette Woodworth Reese.
February	Poems of Lionel Johnson.
March	When <i>The Tatler</i> Told Its Tale, by Warwick James Price.
April	<i>William Sharp</i> (Fiona MacLeod), by William Stanley Braithwaite.
May	The Poetry of Louise Imogen Guiney.
June	The Poetry of Florence Earle Coates.
July	<i>My Thackeray</i> , by Julian Park.
August	Little Poems from Japanese An- thologies, by Evaleen Stein.
September	Poems by Anna Hempstead Branch.
October	<i>The Seamaid's Music</i> , by Dorothea Laurance Mann.
November	<i>James Lane Allen</i> , by Edward J. O'Brien.



The December number will be given, in part,
to Clinton Scollard.

THE PATHFINDER

GLEN LEVIN SWIGGETT, *Editor*
THOMAS S. JONES, JR., *Asso. Ed'r.*

Contributions are invited from all lovers of good books and high ideals in literature, art and life. The editors disclaim responsibility for the opinions of contributors.

CONTENTS FOR NOVEMBER

ON A FLY-LEAF OF "THE
"CHOIR INVISIBLE" By Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

JAMES LANE ALLEN By Edward J. O'Brien

TWO POEMS BY JAMES LANE ALLEN

POEMS BY WILLIAM STANLEY
BRAITHWAITE

A DWELLING DEAR By Margaret Root Garvin
WIND-LURE By Dorothea Lawrance Mann

RICHARD WILSON By George B. Rose

RECENT PUBLICATIONS

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ON A FLY-LEAF OF "THE CHOIR INVISIBLE" (TO J. L. A.)

By THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

Forever burns the glory of the Grail,
And still across the years its crimson stain
Shadows the heart of him who seeks in vain
A perfect service that may never fail;
And lest the sacred radiance should pale
It still be served by the unending train
'Of those immortal dead who live again'
And lend new wonder to a time-sweet tale.

So here anew is one who saw the gleam
And followed blindly on the valiant quest,
Whose windings may seem oftentimes dark and sad;
Yet to our eyes he shows a clearer Dream,
And in his knighthood of divine unrest
Bears on his arm the shield of Galahad!

JAMES LANE ALLEN

By EDWARD J. O'BRIEN

*"Wise men, all ways of knowledge past,
To the shepherds' wonder come at last :
To know can only wonder breed,
And not to know is wonder's seed."*

—SIDNEY GODOLPHIN.

In the story of our past, as it has been lived and written for three hundred years, we look wistfully backward, hoping to find therein a sign which was once, though so little now in the world's memory, the guide and touchstone of a high endeavor, which through faith transmuted life into a singing deed. A talisman to the heart, though a challenge to a fray, many rode forth gaily in defense of it, and lost all but honor and the love of God.

Three hundred years ago, our New England forefathers in their zeal, acting through one of their number at Salem, slashed that sign by the sword out of the English flag. In the memory of that tradition now shrouded in the years, the descendants of these men and their adopted kin, speaking or singing their stories, and handing them down without gaiety to us, fore-

swore the emblem, and wrote what their intellect bade them give forth, though at times not without a sadness as of recollection, and at least once, in Hawthorne's melancholy cheer, half-voicing its regret, how subtly beautiful and sadly true!

Through all this time the people have been struggling outward and upward toward a free and full expression of the God within them, hardly yet attained by reflection as in older countries, but now beginning to glow on the horizon, and to reflect its light on the work of those who have gone before. One man, studying the rim of life more closely and lovingly than others, and with an open mind and heart, has caught the half-kindled shadow of this glow, and, knowing it through ancestral memory leaping from dark backgrounds to an intensely present light, has seen therein the old sign, and bears it, alike as a talisman and a challenge, while he lives the singing deed in a speech that would be silence.

The very precept of this silence forbids one to say more, and indeed, if we all could but recognize *as ours* the presence and the deed, it would be fitting to maintain our reticence, and so more actively aid in the great Quest. It is

just the sadness of it all, and one of life's insoluble pities, that we must speak with insistence if we would have others hear and listen to his word. When the day comes at last on which we all know with John Gray that every man still has his Camelot and his King, his struggle and his quest, then we may be silent and strive in other ways; but until then it is part of our knightly proof to win such a hearing from our folk, alien not by destiny, but only through that salutary distrust which a seer must ever beget among his own.

If beauty to James Lane Allen has ever meant sorrow, and sorrow beauty; it is but the sanction of his word: the word that would tell to us how throughout all of life's events, as they pass through and breathe upon our souls, instigating every sacrifice and redemption in history from the lowest of earth to that of the Most High, it is precisely the human will that is ours (the operating power in us, and through us the vessel of life), which is sorrowful; that from sorrow may crash forth joy, as when on that dying day thirteen centuries ago the will was in its human song sorrowful, even unto death.

Life's poetry has many forms from Bethlehem to Calvary, and beauty sings in sadness as

sweetly as in joy. It is precisely this fundamental truth which Mr. Allen has learnt and taught.

Turning the pages of his books, and living in them the ideal which they feel, we reap the harvest of a generation, looking backward across the years to *Flute and Violin*,—still so near,—and forward across a hardly nearer future toward the work to come, shaping and soon to prove itself as the very seal of the promise and as confirmation entire of what we know

It may be said more truly of Mr. Allen than of any other American novelist, past or present, that all his characters sing their lives, more or less finely tuned, as the case may be, to the eternal harmonies,—not always consciously, never without struggle. The higher ideal of the novelist, we know, is to approximate ever more closely toward that elemental vision wherein the subjective beauty of the human soul, evolved, or rather isolated, through suffering, shines forth naked and immaculate, mirror only of the divine, burning alone,—the pure white flame. In this there has been a struggle with beauty as the artist conceives it, and ever, though less and less as he mounts the heights, the reluctance to repudiate the beautiful green life which to

him is so vital an element of spiritual apprehension. It has manifested itself, I should qualify, in a more and more cunning subjection of environment to life, weaving its web of mystery around the facts of existence, but allowing the light of beauty to shine through and illuminate the whole, making the green life but as lovely romantic shadow to the white flame, the goal as well as the instrument of the interpreter's striving. So, in the perspective of beauty, his work tends ever more toward the realization for their own sake of simple values, pure and poised, never flashing save when obscured by mists, self-contained, ardent, true. In that long gallery of faces, sad and, later, resolute as if in them a reconstruction out of all but nothing had crystallized in deed, we never recognize sheer joy unstained, for with the endowed possessor of such a soul Mr. Allen needs no spoken word. Rather is it with humanity a little stained and broken that he would parley, extending his hand in wistfulness, as if to make trial of its reservations, sad confessor-to-be of pity. To the stain he would add all virtues of infinite shades, knowing their sum in flame to be white, redeeming the spot through mercy won out of strife. "O Mystery Immortal! which is in the

—
hemp and in our souls, in its bloom and in our passions ; by which our poor brief lives are led upward out of the earth for a season, then cut down, rotted and broken—for Thy long service !”

Mr. Allen has taught us that God requires of us three perfections : that we be fine men, that we be fine gentlemen, that we be fine spirits. And in the spirit of this teaching, men’s eyes in the end will pass lovingly over his early books, but will finally rest on three songs of the human will, sad songs as life is sad,—*The Choir Invisible*, *The Reign of Law*, *The Doctor’s Christmas Eve*. In them lies the cycle of Mr. Allen’s quest.

For in his song he has journeyed through darkness from sunset to sunrise. In the setting colors, dying but deathless, of *Flute and Violin*, he took us on pilgrimage to Gethsemane, symbolic starting-point of a long journey, in wonder now drawing nigh to Bethlehem. In the stillness and cold is born a little child. And so, through proof and peril, he wins his heritage of life, sad Launcelot of the Grail !

TWO POEMS BY
JAMES LANE ALLEN

SONG OF THE HEMP*

Ah, gentle are the days when the year is young
And rolling fields with rippling hemp are green
And from old orchards pipes the thrush at morn.
No land, no land like this is yet unsung
Where man and maid at twilight meet unseen
And Love is born.

Oh, mighty summer days and god of flaming trees
When in the fields full-headed bends the stalk,
And blossoms what was sown!
No land, no land like this for tenderness
When man and maid as one together walk
And Love is grown.

Oh, dim, dim autumn days of sobbing rain
When on the fields the ripened hemp is spread
And woods are brown.
No land, no land like this for mortal pain
When Love stands weeping by the sweet, sweet bed
For Love cut down.

Ah, dark, unfathomably dark, white winter days
When falls the sun from out the crystal deep
On muffled farms.
No land, no land like this for God's sad ways
When near the tented fields Love's Soldier lies asleep
With empty arms.

* From *The Reign of Law*.

*BENEATH THE VEIL**

Hooded nun, with veiled eyes,
In whose life the maiden dies,
Unto Christ a sacrifice!

Thou that kneelest at the shrine,
Wedded to the Love Divine,
Making all its sorrows thine:

Passion's agony and sweat,
Passion's hour where all forget,
Passion's cry on Olivet!

On thy brow the crown of sticks,
On thy lips the gall they mix,
On thy breast the crucifix!

Masses sung and incense cold,
Vespers sung and pittance doled,
Beads in pain at midnight told.

Light of windows dim and quaint,
Sight of pale and paneled saint,
Throe of martyr torn and faint,

Are thy joys. O child of prayers!
Child of sorrows! child of cares!
Ah, that none *thy* burden shares!

Were I weary, poor, distressed,
Thou, to give me comfort, rest,
Wouldst of all thyself divest;

Were I raving, fever-tost,
Homeless, friendless, spirit-lost,
Thou wouldst seek me, life the cost;

* From *The Atlantic Monthly*.

—
Were I dying mid the dead,
On the field whence all had fled,
Thou wouldst lift my wounded head.

Ah, so tender for His sake,
Living but love's cause to take,
Thou alone my heart dost break.

Worse am I than travel-worn,
Worse than needy, sick, forlorn,
Battle-spent, or sorrow-torn!

Death were not so dolorous
As to see thee singing, thus
Lost to me, the Angelus!



AFTER ALL

By ARTHUR UPSON
(1877-1908)

When, after all, you come to Love and lay
Your weary hands within his hands and say,
"Love, thou art best!" how can you know that then
He will not laugh and turn his face away?

When, after many conflicts, your proud heart,
Seamed with old scars, would take Love's quiet part—
Ah, to make fair that place for him again
Which of all Love's physicians has the art?

*POEMS BY WILLIAM STANLEY
BRAITHWAITE**

*TO THE MEMORY OF FREDERIC
LAWRENCE KNOWLES*

III

Four Seasons are there to the circling year :
 Four houses where the dreams of men abide—
 The stark and naked Winter without pride.
 The Spring like a young maiden soft and fair,
 The Summer like a bride about to bear
 The issue of the love she deified :
 And lastly, Autumn, on the turning tide
 That ebbs thy voice of nature to its bier.

Four houses with two spacious chambers each,
 Named Birth and Death, wherein Time joys and
 grieves.

Is there no fate so wise enough to teach
 Into which door Life enters and retrieves?
 What matter since his voice is out of reach,
 And Sorrow fills My House of Falling Leaves!

*MY THOUGHTS GO MARCHING
LIKE AN ARMÈD HOST*

My thoughts go marching like an armèd host
 Out of the city of silence, guns and cars ;
 Troop after troop across my dreams they post
 To the invasion of the winds and stars !

*Reprinted from *The House of Falling Leaves* with kind permission of the publishers, John W. Luce and Company.

O brave array of youth's untamed desire!
With thy bold, dauntless captain Hope to lead
His raw recruits to Fate's opposing fire,
And up the wall of Circumstance to bleed.
How fares the expedition in the end?
When this, my heart, shall have old age for king
And to the wars no further troops can send,
What final message will the arm'stice bring?
The host gone forth in youth the world to meet,
In age returns—in victory or defeat?

TO FIONA
(Nineteen months old)

Now my songs shall grow
Sweeter, year by year,
Just because I know
You shall read them, dear,
When your little hands,
And your little eyes,
Babyhood expands
Into grown-up wise.
You will ask me then,
Reading what I write
Of my youth and then
Song of you took flight.
Darling, I shall say—
Just because I knew
In some future day
You would hold them true:
"Father wrote these songs
When I was a child;

The Pathfinder

*Now to me belongs
All his dream exiled.*

*"Mine is all the joy,
Mine are all the tears
In the heart of boy
And the man of years."*

This, my little one,
Is what you will say,
When my songs are done,
And my hair is gray.

But my songs I know,
Sweeter, year by year,
From my heart will flow
For your soul to hear —

When your little hands,
And your little eyes,
Babyhood expands
Into grown-up wise.

APRILIAN RHAPSODY

Straight in the heart of the April meadows,
Straight in the dream in the heart of you;
Deep in the glory of gleams and shadows,
Flame and gossamer, green and blue —

Out of the nowhere east from yonder,
Out of the presences felt and seen,
Filled with the first unremember'd wonder,
Radiant with the memory of last year's green —

Straight in the heart of the April meadows,
Straight in the dream in the heart of you —
Spring — in the glory of gleams and shadows,
Flame and gossamer, green and blue !

AVE AND VALE

Oh far away across the beach
The mist is in the sunset,
And dreams lie low
In the silence of the foam ;
Beyond the dim horizon
Where the creeping darkness pauses
I hear the gray winds calling
And they lead desire home.
*O Ave to the evening star,
And Vale to the setting sun;
And a deep, deep sea across the bar
Where the gray winds call and run.*

Oh far across the hope of speech
A doubt is on desire,
And Love lies low
In the pauses of my heart ;
My speech and silence hovers
On the verge of phantom futures,
While I watch the morrows dawning
And the yesterdays depart.
*O Ave to the evening star,
And Vale to the setting sun;
And a deep, deep sea across the bar
Where the gray winds call and run.*

SIC VITA

Heart free, hand free,
Blue above, brown under,
All the world to me
Is a place of wonder.

Sun shine, moon shine,
 Stars, and winds a-blowing,
 All into this heart of mine
 Flowing, flowing, flowing!

Mind free, step free,
 Days to follow after,
 Joys of life sold to me
 For the price of laughter.
 Girl's love, man's love,
 Love of work and duty,
 Just a will of God's to prove
 Beauty, beauty, beauty!

GOLDEN HAIR

Once I made a little poem out of golden hair,
 I put it in a dream and sent it to a rose;
 And in the early down when I walked the garden fair,
 I saw you, dear, before you went as every shadow goes.

O golden is the web o' the sun, golden is the sea,
 And golden is the rose's heart that makes the garden fair—
 And golden is the shadow that's in the heart of me,
 And golden is the buried dream shrouded in golden hair.

*Lord of the mystic star-blown gleams
 Whose sweet compassion lifts my dreams;
 Lord of life in the lips of the rose
 That kiss desire; whence Beauty grows;
 Lord of the power inviolate
 That keeps immune the seas from fate;
 Lord of the indestructible dew,
 Fresh as the night the first rose drew*

*Its moisture to her heart and won
 Ease from the first day's burning sun;
 Lord of the pomp a crown endows
 And peoples hail on kingly brows;
 Lord of the beggar's tattered coat,
 A derelict on life's sea a-float;
 Lord of thy blinded children, they —
 Who see no sunlight in the day,
 Nor star-shine in the night — but be
 Dreamless toilers on land and sea;
 Lord, Very God of these works of thine,
 Hear me, I beseech thee, most divine!
 Lord I praise thee, and adore thee
 For thy great works laid before me.
 My prayer-book is thine open air
 Where nature prints thy Laws so clear;
 My altar is the human strife
 Where I take sacraments of life;
 My proof in immortality
 Speaks loud in every blossoming tree.
 Lord, Very God, now I lift my voice
 Thanking thee for that which I rejoice —
 Thy gift of life, be it short or long,
 And with it the great gift of song!*



A DWELLING DEAR

By MARGARET ROOT GARVIN

I know thy grief, thy fear,
 O lonely little House! O Dwelling dear!
 Thou yearnest them of yore,
 Behind the barrier of thy brave-barred door!
 Even I, who love thee best, thou fearest me —
 Lest I should turn the key!

But on thy poverty I will not spy,
Who shared thy wealth gone by.

So warm thou wert of old,
I will not find thy chimneys cold;
But dream the sunset-rays
Upon thy window-pane, a hearth-fire blaze.

'Twere hard for thee, to see me hungered there,
When all thy board stood bare:
Nor shalt my knocking force thee to confess
Thine echo's hollowness!

Dear House, I do thy will:
And make no entrance, but believe thee still
Peopled with dearest kin—
For if I enter not, they are within!



WIND-LURE

By DOROTHEA LAWRENCE MANN

The wind's a soul on fire,
Deep-tortured in days gone by—
With a rose-red dream of desire
Once born from a drifting sigh.

Now 'tis an endless crying,
Wailing through many nights,—
A-blowing wan spirits—flying
To be scattered in glistening lights.

By blazing desire, hard-driven,
Whirled through the listening abyss—
To bear in its heart who have given
Their souls to its long, wild kiss.

My soul and the wind-soul, one in one,
My soul to the wind-soul, since life begun.

*RICHARD WILSON**By* GEORGE B. ROSE

The field of art will be forever divided between the two great forces—on the one hand the idealists, who seek to embody their highest conceptions of strength and beauty, to select the best model possible and then to eliminate its defects and supply its deficiencies, so as to attain perfection; and on the other, the realists, who are content to reproduce only what they see and as they see it, exercising little or no discrimination in the choice of a subject, believing that anything can be made the subject of a great masterpiece if it is only done well enough. For the successful realist a cunning hand and a prehensile eye suffice. To succeed as an idealist one must possess these and also a constructive mind. The creations of his brain must be as real and as vital as those of his rival if they would endure the test of time; but they must be original evocations as well. Hence, the successful idealists are few. Just at present the realists have the cry in the field of art, and there are many who are ready to declare that there was never a successful idealist. Yet that

need not discourage us. The crowd is always ready to cry "Give us Barabbas!" yet He who was rejected for Barabbas has not been forgotten.

We do not mean to blame the realists or to reject their message. The realism of the Dutch is as genuine as the idealism of the Greeks, and is entitled to due honor in the broad domain of art. We are all so constituted that we must prefer one to the other, according to our natural bent; but we should endeavor to cultivate a catholicity of taste that will enable us to enjoy both.

In the domain of landscape the realists are now the unquestioned masters. Classical landscape—the landscape built up in the studio from studies made in the field, seeking to create the most beautiful or the most sublime view possible—is thoroughly discredited. The artist must go out and paint directly from nature, copying her just as she is.

At first sight this system seems admirable, the only way of getting at the truth. Yet it is not without its fallacies. The outward aspect of a landscape is forever changing as the day advances and the lights alter. To avoid this the *plein-airistes* try to paint for a little while at the

same hour on successive days. But each day is different, and it is doubtful whether they come as near the truth as they would have come if they had taken a quick, accurate sketch and worked it out in the studio from a mind stored with a knowledge of the appearance of natural objects. But the worse fault of the *plein-airistes* is in their handling of light. They try to reproduce the scene exactly as it appears to their eyes. This they can do with the portion that is in shadow; but no pigment can convey the clear brightness of sunshine; and so a discord results unless the artist is content, as so many of them are forced to be, with dull, grey skies. The man who works according to the old principles, on the other hand, does his best to represent the brilliancy of the daylight, and brings down the rest of the picture in proportion, like a musician transposing a melody to a lower key, so that harmony results.

The essential of classic landscape is beauty. The artist chooses the fairest scene that he can find, eliminates from it all that is discordant and adds to it whatever is necessary to make it perfect; or else he composes the scene in his studio, drawing the general outlines from its imagination, and filling in the details from his

studies of the structure of trees, rocks, water and the like.

The supreme master of classic landscape is Claude Lorraine. He gives us the most beautiful scenes that the mind of man has ever imagined, suffused with a peace that passeth all understanding. They are true to nature, yet to nature as it has only existed in the Elysian Fields. Every tree, every rock, every aspect of water, mountain and plain has been studied from nature and is perfectly true ; but the whole is combined in a way rarely, if ever, to be found in this sad work-a-day world. Claude is the greatest, but he is not alone. Perugino was his worthy ancestor, and Richard Wilson his not unworthy descendant.

Wilson and Gainsborough were painting at the same time, and the title of "The Father of English Landscape" is claimed for both. More properly it belongs to Gainsborough. He was content with the homely beauty of his native land, reproduced with the fidelity of the Dutch. Wilson found his inspiration in the landscapes of Italy—landscapes which are often so beautiful that as we look upon them we almost forget that we are on earth. For six years he wandered up and down that land of enchantment, par-

ticularly about the Roman Campagna where Claude had found his inspiration, filling his mind with visions of unspeakable beauty and his notebook with innumerable sketches. With this inexhaustible capital he returned to England, and henceforth his life was one long hymn to the beauty of the world as it had been revealed to him beneath Italian skies. The public heeded him not, and left him to starve; but its indifference could not blind him to his celestial visions, nor deter him from transferring them to the canvas. He will perhaps never be popular—his art is too far removed from the commonplace for that; but there are many who appreciate his genius; and single canvases now fetch in the market more than he received for the labors of a life-time.

It is foolish to try to deny Wilson's debt to Claude, as some of his over-zealous admirers have attempted to do; but it is also equally foolish to call him a mere imitator of the great Frenchman, as do some of his detractors. He owed much to Claude, just as did Turner; but he was an original creator, making his own independent studies in the same enchanted garden and dreaming his own radiant dreams. His way of painting, too, is individual. It is broader,

more sparing of detail than Claude's, and his light often has a mellowness that reminds us of Cuyp. Sometimes, under the inspiration of Salvator Rosa, he produces rugged and sublime scenes; but he is at his best when he follows Claude into his regions of celestial peace.

Fortunately a number of Wilson's finest canvases have found their way to America. In the Metropolitan Museum he is to be seen to advantage, but the greater part of his works are in private galleries. The best that we have seen are in the collection of Mr. Ralph C. Johnson in Washington City, one presenting the clear beauty of Wilson's perfect lines, the other the rich splendor of his mellow sunlight, so that the two together reveal the measure of his genius.

Recent Publications

W. E. B. DuBois—*The Quest of the Silver Fleece*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1911.

H. A. MITCHELL KEAYS—*The Marriage Portion*. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1911.

MAY FUTRELLE—*Secretary of Frivolous Affairs*. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1911.

OLIVER HUCKEL—*Götterdämmerung*. The fourth dramatic poem in Wagner's Ring cycle is given here in a free but poetic translation. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1911.

HAROLD MACGRATH—*The Carpet from Bagdad*. A sense of lack of that glamour of the East which this story demands, interferes seriously with one's enjoyment of an otherwise highly interesting tale. Illustrations by Castaigne. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1911.

KATE DOUGLAS WIGGINS—*Mother Carey's Chickens*. The wistful tenderness and abiding charm of the *vis intime* in this charming little tale of mother love is enhanced by the illustrations of Alice Barber Stephens. A beautiful gift book for Christmas. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1911.

CHARLES MORICE—*The Re-Appearing*. With simple, strong strokes this earnest Frenchman reveals to us his vision of Christ in Paris some ten days prior to Christmas, 1910. Through his art the didactic purpose is not obtrusive, as he shows us our unpreparedness for His ways. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1911.

GEORGE FITCH—*At Good Old Siwash*. A prose epic of the comic-heroic kind. The humorous side of present-day American college life, genial, wholesome, though exaggerated, wherein no member goes unscathed, is caught with irresistible appeal to one's funny bone in these college stories. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1911.

ROBERT ALEXANDER WASON—*The Knight-Errant*. There is just enough of the spirit of "Happy Hawkins" in this social novel to make it worth while to the admirers of this earlier creation. While the story in itself is of the usual kind, the dialogue is clever, crisp and bright and the characters are sketched quickly and boldly by a deft hand. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. 1911.

JOYCE KILMER—*Summer of Love*. A thin volume of poetry from one of our younger poets that demands serious consideration from the critics. Mr. Kilmer's surest note, perhaps, is in his ballad verse. New York: The Baker & Taylor Co. 1911.

WILLIAM DE MORGAN.—*A Likely Story*. In reading this charming tale one has the sense that in some subtle way this delightful raconteur is just fooling him with a kind of a *Pinocchio* for grown-ups. The quaint humor of the book is inexpressibly fascinating. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1911.

GEORGE MIDDLETON—*Embers*. Six one-act prose plays of contemporary life, written under the shadow of Shaw, that lend themselves easily to higher amateur acting. Though the situations may be a trifle tense and unnatural, the technique is uniformly excellent. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1911.

OCTAVE THANET—*Stories That End Well*. In this collection of eleven well-known magazine stories there is revealed the author's unerring instinct for that incident or phase of character which lends itself to treatment within the frame of the short story wherein she excels. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1911.

V. BLASCO IBANEZ.—*The Blood of the Arena*. English readers will welcome the translation of this Spanish novel of manners wherein Spain's national pastime, bull fighting, is described so realistically. A vivid picture of Spanish life by one of Spain's best recent writers. The illustrations were prepared in Spain, Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1911.

ELIZABETH DEJEANS.—*The Far Triumph*. A lyric touch, a few convincingly drawn characters and a certain measure of restraint in its highly dramatic situations save this novel from the charge of melodrama and give it a manner and distinction that we find in the best novels of this type to-day. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1911.

HAROLD BELL WRIGHT.—*The Winning of Barbara Worth*. With each succeeding novel from this writer one realizes more and more the value of the novel for propaganda with a democratic nation. There is a subtle winning to the cause of righteousness in this novel with its conflict between East and West, its reclamation of barren land and character, and its new scale of social values. Chicago: The Book Supply Co. 1911.

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM.—*Havoc*. An Oppenheim romance with the usual ingredients, e.g., a political incident, the mysterious woman and a lively intrigue. A story type of which readers never grow tired when written in his manner. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1911.

MARIE CORELLI.—*The Life Everlasting*. A genuine pleasure is in store for the novel reader who is in quest of a new sensation. A mystical tendency romance that transcends commonplace actuality, although it seems to relate a personal experience. New York: George H. Doran Co. 1911.

JESSICA TYLER AUSTIN — *Moses Coit Tyler*. The life of the late Professor Tyler of Cornell University and his scholarly pioneer work in American literature and history, have been given in this selection from his letters and diaries, extending from 1850-1900, that treatment to which his life best lends itself. New York: Doubleday, Page & Co. 1911.

FRANZ CUMONT — *Oriental Religions in Roman Paganism*. An exceedingly able and most interesting treatment of the various Oriental religions, their relations to the pagan mysteries and by inference, their influence in the establishment of a universal church out of line with the direct Jewish tradition. An introduction by Grant Showerman and full scholarly notes accompany this translation. Chicago: The Open Court Publishing Co. 1911.

ROMAIN ROLLAND. — *Jean-Christophe in Paris*. Without question a great force in literature, like Rodin in art, is demanding a reckoning in this work of epic proportions. One marked element of strength in this French novel comes from the author's dualism in style and treatment due to his literary parentage. As the work grows, one can see the influence of Richter and Rousseau, Balzac and Zola, converging into a newer romanticism. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1911.

LEWIS MELVILLE.—*Some Aspects of Thackeray*. One can imagine no greater pleasure to the literary lounge in a Thackeray mood than to turn the pages of these collected papers by one who is peculiarly fitted to write of this many-sided Englishman who looked out on life with all the windows of his soul open. The book is furnished richly with illustrations from old prints and photographs and reproductions from some of the best known Thackeray illustrators. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1911.

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE—*The Life of Lyof N. Tolstoi*. For English readers this was to be the logical *Life*. The writer's long acquaintance with Count Tolstoi, that necessary reverence and sympathy for all the strange turnings of this life fraught with such profound meaning, and his intimate knowledge of Tolstoïana, have enabled him to write within one year of the passing away of this great world-figure, a plain and simple narrative of his life that may well lay claim to being, within small compass, definitive. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 1911.

IRVING BABBETT—*The New Laokoon*. Professor Babbett's previous critical work and treatment of the newer and larger humanism in literature with adequate definition thereof, frees him easily from the suspicion of presumption in the title of this book which attempts to clear up the confusion in literary *genres* in these days of decadent romanticism as Lessing did one hundred and fifty years ago following the period of pseudo-classicism. The writer senses as all will know literary development with proportion and insight, that form which literature must take to be verile and enduring, and has presented it from the critical standpoint, with clearness and firmness. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Co. 1910.

ARCHIBALD HENDERSON.—*George Bernard Shaw*. Dr. Henderson mildly disarms criticism in his interesting preface with the remark that to write of G. B. S. in mid-career is to follow to one's undoing a Will-o'-the-wisp. It is a laudable *aventure*, however, if only to clear the way and build stepping-stones for his successors. In this lies the real worth of this biography, the value of which increases in proportion to the greater degree of truth inherent in the various "interviews," in which the subject of the sketch, has expressed himself, frankly and genuinely, concerning his relation to the intellectual and emotional movements of his time, every phase of which is illumined by that remarkable brilliancy of mind with which these gentlemen are gifted. The book disclaims any attempt to fix Shaw in the order of things, literary or social, and must be judged with this in mind. The book is subjective, is written after the manner reportorial, but herein lies its charm; and one must not condemn it because of its lack of unity and of that detached and objective treatment which can alone reveal the real meaning of George Bernard Shaw and his work. The time for this is not yet. The book is profusely illustrated. Cincinnati: The Stewart & Kidd Co. 1911.

AT times one tires of everything except illusions and dreams, seeing in these the images of august and immortal things: for the illusion that leads away from "the world" is not the delusion that takes all and gives nothing, and the dreams that are the colour and fragrance of the soul are not of the Kin or nature of the cloudy vapours of the mind.

FIONA MACLEOD.